

ALEXANDER's
F E A S T,

A N
O D E,

In Honour of St. C E C I L I A 's Day.

Set to Musick by Mr. H A N D E L.



W I N C H E S T E R.

Printed and Sold by W. G R E E N V I L L E.

[Price Six-pence.]

ALEXANDER'S

F. E. A. S. T.

O. D. E.



W. H. O. H. E. S. T. R.

Printed and Sold by W. G. & Co. 11, Strand, London, W.C.

[Price 2s. 6d.]



ALEXANDER's FEAST,

A N O D E.

P A R T I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

TWAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won
By *Philip's* Warlike Son :
Aloft in awful State
The God-like Hero fate
On his Imperial Throne :
His valient Peers were plac'd around ;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound :
(So shou'd Desert in Arms be crown'd :)
The lovely *Thais*, by his Side,
Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride
In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

A 2

A I R

[4]

A I R.

*Happy, happy, happy, Pair !
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.*

C H O R U S.

Happy, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre :
The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
And Hev'nly Joys inspire.*
*The Song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :
Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* press'd :
And while He sought her snowy Breast :
Then round her slender Waist he curl'd, [World.
And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the
C H O.*

[5]

CHORUS.

*The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A present Deity, they shout around :
A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.*

A I R.

*With ravish'd Ears.
The Monarch bears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.*

RECITATIVE.

*The Praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet Musician sung ;
Of Bacchus ever Fair and ever Young :
The jolly God in Triumph comes ;
Sound the Trumpets ; beat the Drums ;
Flush'd with a purple Grace
He shews his honest Face :
Now give the Hautboys breath ; He comes, He comes.*

A I R.

Bacchus ever Fair and Young,

Drinking

*Drinking Joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure,
 Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure :
 Rich the Treasure,
 Sweet the Pleasure ;
 Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.*

C H O R U S.

Bacchus' Blessing, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain ;
 Fought all his Battles o'er again ; [the slain.
 And thrice he routed all his Foes ; and thrice he slew
 The Master saw the Madness rise ;
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes ;
 And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his Pride,
 He chose a mournful Muse
 Soft pity to infuse :*

A I R.

He sung Darius Great and Good,

By

*By too severe a Fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high Estate,
 And weltring in his Blood;
 Deserted, at his utmost Need,
 By those his former bounty fed:
 On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,
 With not a Friend to close his Eyes.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

With down cast looks the joyless Victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd Soul
 The various Turns of Chance below;
 And, now and then, a Sigh he stole;
 And Tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

*Behold Darius Great and Good
 By too severe a Fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high Estate,
 And weltring in his Blood;
 On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,
 With not a Friend to close his Eyes.*

R E C I-

RECITATIVE.

The Mighty Master smil'd to see
 That Love was in the next Degree;
 'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move,
 For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

AIR.

*Softly Sweet, in Lydian Measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.*

AIR.

*War, he Sung, is Toil and Trouble;
 Honour but an empty Bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the World be worth thy Winning,
 Think, O think, it worth Enjoying:
 Lovely Thais sits besides thee.
 Take the Good the Gods provide thee.*

CHORUS.

*The Many rend the Skies with loud Applause;
 So Love was Crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.*

AIR.


*The Prince unable to conceal his Pain
 Gaz'd on the Fair
 Who caus'd his care
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd
 The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.*

CHORUS, Repeated

The many &c,

End of the First P A R T.





ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

A N O D E.

P A R T II.

R E C I T A T I V E.

NOW strike the Golden Lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain.
Break his Bands of Sleep afunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

C H O R U S.

Break his &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head:
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.

A I R.

A I R.

*Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise :
 See the Snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their Ear,
 And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !
 Behold a gasty Band
 Each a Torch in his Hand !
 Those are Grecian Ghosts, that in Battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the Plain :*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Give the Vengeance due
 To the Valiant Crew.
 Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian Abods,
 And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods.*

A I R.

*The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy ;
 And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy ;*

A I R.

Thais

*Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen fir'd another Troy.*

C H O R U S.

The Princes, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet are mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute,
And Sounding Lyre,
Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.*

C H O R U S.

*At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.*

R E C I T A T I V E and C H O R U S.

*Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.*

F I N I S.

